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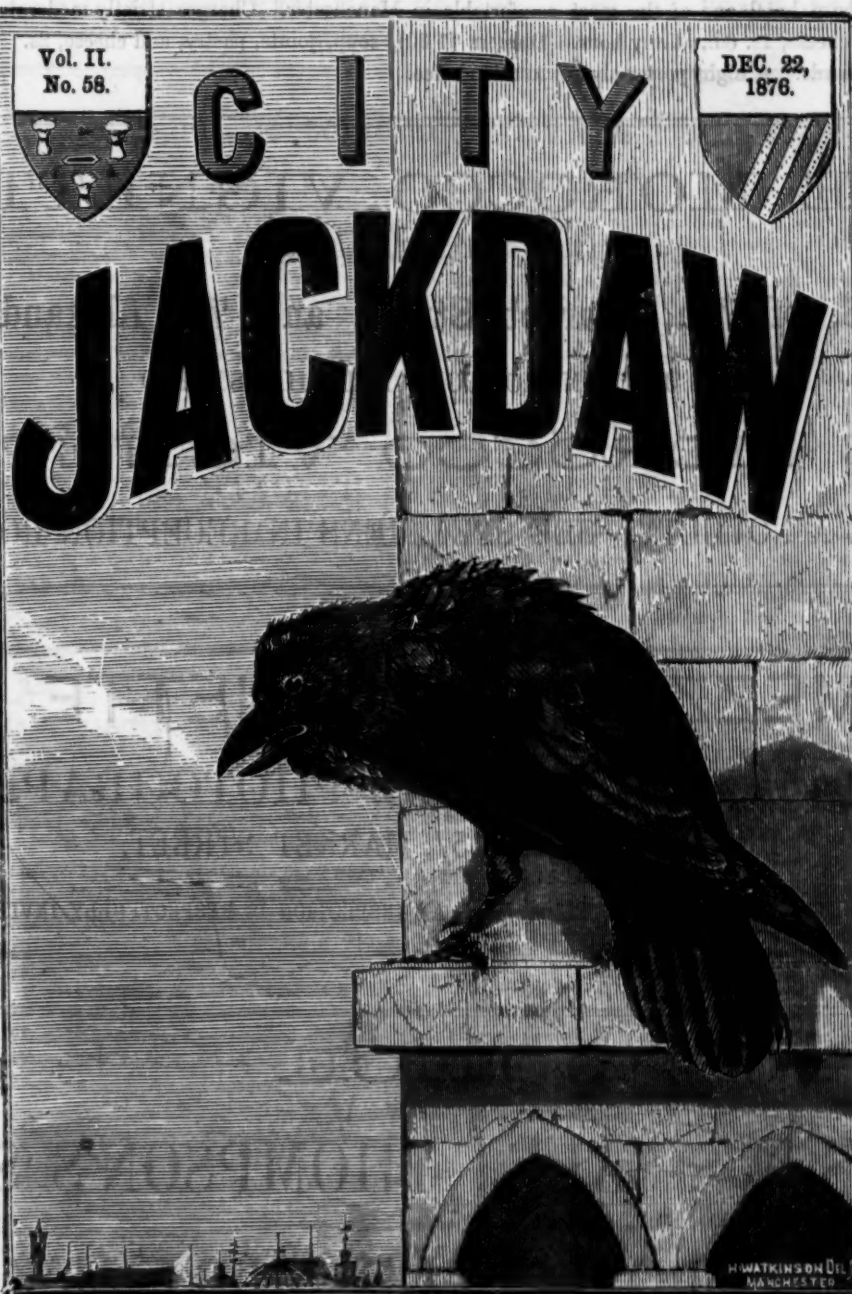
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Bounds, Ribs, and	9d.	Legs and Loins	8d.
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Is a barrel or hamper of ANGLO-PORTUGO OYSTERS, containing
50 OYSTERS and an Oyster-knife... 5s. 6d.
100 OYSTERS and an Oyster-knife... 10s. 0d.
Sent direct from the beds, carriage paid, to any station of the United Kingdom.

Apply, with remittance, to THOS. BRIGHTMAN, sen., Manager of the "Anglo-Portugo" Oyster Fisheries, Queenboro', Kent. The trade supplied.

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Doors open at Two, to commence at Half-past Two; Evening at Seven, to commence at Half-past Seven.

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CHRISTMAS ATTRACTION!

EXHIBITION of Specimens brought from the Shores of the SEA OF ANCIENT ICE, by H. M. ships Discovery and Alert. Dresses worn by the explorers, and other relics. Manufactures, works of art, and antiquities of the Esquimaux. Food specimens, &c.

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First night this evening (Friday), December 22nd.

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WILL OPEN ON BANK HOLIDAY,

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Admission, One Shilling each, including use of skates.

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CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS FETE FOR A FORTNIGHT,

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GIGANTIC CHRISTMAS TREE. TOY STALLS. PUNCH & JUDY.

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FINEST RINK IN ENGLAND.

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THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

Vol. II.—No. 58.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1876.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

MR. BIRLEY, M.P., being unable to endure with passive resignation the double defeat of his proposals for the removal of the Infirmary from the centre to the circumference of the circle which it is designed to serve, has intimated at last meeting of the weekly board that he is considering the question of resignation in its active form. This is a suggestion that has occurred to the *Jackdaw* before, as a possible solution of the Infirmary deadlock, being prompted thereto not so much by antagonism to Mr. Birley's present proposals, which at least show that he is awake, as by impatience at the long period of easy going, which permitted the Infirmary site to become a cesspool under his nose. The remarkable thing is that such an admirer of constitutional government should require two lessons of defeat administered before he thinks of abdication. His proposal that the opponents of his measure should propose their counter scheme is strangely inconsistent with constitutional order. "Wait till you make us responsible," says the Opposition when a defeated Government begs for its advice.

Taking for a moment the Deputy-Treasurers' estimate of the value of the Infirmary and site at £500,000, and the equitable rental upon that sum at five per cent, we find that the rateable rental would be about £25,000 a year. The municipal rates upon this rental at 3s. 4d. per £, which is the current rate, would amount to £4,168 a year. As the rates actually levied upon the Infirmary are only £140 a year, it appears that the Corporation regards the institution as in a sense public property, and so remits it upwards of £4,000 a year in taxation for local burdens. Besides this, for one hundred and twenty years no rates whatever were paid on the Infirmary property. The moral right of the City Council, as representing the ratepayers, to a fair influence in deciding the Infirmary site question is, therefore, exceedingly strong.

The Bishop of Manchester on two different occasions has stated that the chief reason why he is agitating on the question of the Infirmary is that last year the trustees, in public meeting assembled, decided to remove the building and sell the site, and that this year they decided not to sell. What are the broad facts of the case? (1) Last year Mr. Birley moved a resolution asking the trustees to consent to remove the Infirmary and sell the site, and *he was defeated*. (2) This year he again proposed the same thing, and *he was defeated*. If the amendment passed last year approved of the sale, why were the trustees called together again this year to decide the same question? And if it was decided last year to remove the Infirmary, why did the authorities of the Infirmary spend since then so much money to prove that it was necessary to remove it?

The most interesting local event of the present week has been the celebration of the attainment by the Rev. Dr. McKerrow of his fiftieth year of service as a Presbyterian minister, and a public man in Manchester. We have said so recently what we have to say respecting the venerable ever-green, hale, old doctor, who is yet so full of buoyancy and abundant in labours, that it is unnecessary now to load our columns with what has also been much better said elsewhere. But it may be interesting to place on record a "caw" respecting the old man's three days' work in his seventy-fourth year. On Sunday morning he preached with unabated vigour and power; on Monday he attended the party at the Reform Club, and spoke for nearly an hour; and on Tuesday, after presiding for two hours at a Presbytery meeting—perhaps the cruelest trial of all—he sat patiently

through a four hours' congratulatory meeting in his own church in Brunswick Street, and in reply to the several addresses showered upon him, he read a succession of admirable speeches in which he

Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he slew the slain.

The district about Tyldesley and Leigh appears to be a sort of political Donnybrook. One week we learn that the Tories have had their meeting at Leigh, with a doctor from Manchester to prescribe them blue pills. Next week the Liberals demonstrate, and magnify their Arch. The Tyldesley Tories then take up the ball—or, rather, the dinner-party—choosing as their leading speaker the keystone of Conservatism in South Lancashire—that venerable joker, Mr. Touchstone. A Liberal "do" in reply will doubtless follow shortly. Meantime we believe there was fast and furious fun at the Tory jollification, and we much regret that the local representative of the *Jackdaw*—a singularly modest man—was not invited. Mr. Touchstone began with a lecture on bad manners, a subject with which we presume he is familiar. "For example," he said it was "bad manners to describe Lord Beaconsfield as 'Old Dizzy,'" and he added if he "described Mr. Gladstone as 'Old Gladstone,' or 'Bill Gladstone,' it would be disgusting, or he should feel ashamed of himself if he spoke of a political leader with such terms, and he thought it showed a low moral tone in the Liberals, and was utterly at variance with etiquette and good manners." We have heard Mr. Gladstone compared to Judas Iscariot at an Orange meeting at Pomona, where Mr. Touchstone was a leading figure—but no matter. We are glad now to hail the eminent political agent as a professor of high moral tone, etiquette, and good manners, and so are prepared to let bygones be bygones—even to the extent of a breach of the fifth commandment. Deferring to his authority, we simply put to him the question whether it is etiquette and good manners to say of opponents, "It did not matter whether the Liberals had the capacity for public speaking because they had impudence enough?"

If report speaks truly, the Tyldesley Tories followed rather Mr. Touchstone's example than his precept on the subject of high moral tone, good manners, and etiquette. The chairman, it is said, kept order with a soup-ladle instead of a hammer, and served it out hot to some loquacious orators, who might have saved their wind to cool their porridge for all that he cared about them. One gentleman, who had prepared a long manuscript, was astonished before he had waded half through its pages to have it snatched from his hands, and chucked bodily into the fire. Mr. Touchstone was the guest and hero of the evening, and special honour was due to him. Accordingly, a convoy of jovial Tories saw him to the train, and hoisted him shoulder-high, and not content with seeing him safely in at the carriage-door, pitchforked him handsomely through the window! Jovial Tyldesley! One of the speakers, Mr. F. W. Booth, who was shut up by the chairman while he was in full cry on the Education question, sends the remainder of his address to the *Leigh Chronicle*, and a very excellent address it is, in which the attitude of England to the Eastern question is discussed in a fair, English, and Christian spirit. There is a genial pertinacity about this gentleman which we greatly admire. He makes no murmur that he was "brought to a sudden check by the abrupt interruption of the chairman." It is enough for him that his speech, having been prepared, should see the light somehow, and so he sends it to the *Leigh Chronicle*.

If the Tyldesley Tories are not remarkable for gentle behaviour, at any rate they are great sticklers for polite and gentlemanly language. One of the speakers—Ralph Fletcher, Esq.—complained, as we think with sufficient reason, that a member of the rival faction had recently described a Conservative working-man as "a stupid ass who refused to think."

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN, by aid of NITROUS OXIDE or LAUGHING GAS, warranted perfectly harmless, by S. J. JORDAIN, Dentist, 53, Piccadilly (opposite the Infirmary). Established twenty-five years.

A "JOLLY DO" AT TYLDESLEY.

AS "ilka land has its ain law," so the most pronounced feature of Bacchanalian literature is its euphemism. When the venerable Duncan was sent glorious to bed from Macbeth's supper-table on the eve of his foul assassination, the courteous attendants who had shouldered him upstairs described him as having "been in unusual pleasure," and as put to bed "shut up in measureless content." We have to thank some members of the Tyldesley Local Board for teaching us some new words and theories applicable to the subject of jollification. A few weeks ago, an enterprising party of this board went out to survey the roads and highways under their charge. This from time immemorial has been an arduous undertaking. So long ago as 1873, we learn from the clerk to the board, ten and sixpence was paid "for traps to convey the members, some of whom were infirm, and could not walk over the whole of the highways;" and in 1874 "a bill of £2. 1s. 8d. was incurred for conveyances and refreshments at the Swan Inn, Astley"—a bill which he did not think was "out of the way," though he will not deny that it was out of the highway rates. What more natural than that after the inspection these bold members of the Tyldesley Local Board, who are adventurous to walk or drive, according to their several degrees of infirmity, over the roads they have made and repaired, should celebrate their happy escape from perils of land and water in a comfortable symposium? If one thing was wanted to turn their intentions in this direction it was the fact that their day's guide, philosopher, and friend, the chairman of the highways committee, was himself a publican and landlord of the Boar's Head, at Tyldesley. We have it in evidence that he led the local board through their pilgrimage "like a flock," acted generally like a father to them, and "took command of everything." The desired haven, which at last the company attained, was the Swan Inn, at Astley. Here they sat down to dinner, and everybody declares that they had "a jolly good do." The peas were three and sixpence a peck—the month being June. After dinner the "champagne flew round." Mr. Haworth, the chairman of the highways committee and landlord of the Boar's Head aforesaid, "ordered three bottles when the dinner was done, and then three more, and the company all jumped on their legs and hooted and shouted 'Jolly good fellow' all in a row." Such is the graphic account of the festivity given by an interested eye-witness and sharer in the feast, a gentleman named Partington, who was afterwards examined upon the subject by the county court judge. There were eighteen bottles of champagne drunk, to say nothing of sundry noggins of brandy and three penn'orths of whiskey, of which we hear only incidentally. The bill was £13. 9s.

Repentance cometh in the morning. Some of the partakers in this "jolly good do" appear to have had a notion that Mr. Haworth meant to carry out his fatherly relations to his flock to the extent of feeding them at his own expense. This intention Mr. Haworth repudiates, and we can well believe him. Had he intended to stand treat he would doubtless have taken his friends to his own house. Some other mean-spirited members seem to have expected that the bill would be squared by the clerk to the board out of the highway rate. They, we believe, were Tories—a small remnant that is left on the Tyldesley Board. To do them justice, the majority of the diners—Liberals who don't think that the Conservatives should have all the good things of this life any more than that the Devil should have all the good tunes—were willing to pay, and did pay, their share of the reckoning. Nine, at least (some strangers were present as guests), paid their fair share, £1. 3s. 6d. each—all save one, Mr. Thomas Mather, who, according to the plaintiff, "slattered" behind a bit as his contribution only amounted to one sovereign. But there were two members of the board—Tories, as aforesaid—who refused to pay a farthing. One was Mr. James Shuttleworth, who was described by his counsel, when the case came into the county court, as "an elderly gentleman, and having his views in the matter." This gentleman, who

was made defendant in the county court action, pleaded that he "had had nothing to do with the dinner beyond eating it." He admitted that he did this much, and added that "he was very comfortable"—shut up like Duncan "in measureless content." He disclaimed the imputation of being a champagne-bibber, like the others, and said "he drank very little." Champagne seems to be an unfamiliar liquor to Mr. Shuttleworth, and it is possible that measuring it by commoner tippie he might honestly believe that the quantity of the seductive fluid which he consumed was very little. But it seems not without significance when we find him adding immediately that he "had a noggin of brandy when he was bad." Mr. Partington, another member of the board, who, like Mr. Shuttleworth, "slattered" altogether and paid nothing, seems to have taken a more genial view of the situation. He thought that, as a member of the local board, this "jolly good do" was his vested privilege. He quoted precedent for it. "He remembered twelve months before they went and had tea, eggs, and ham, and he never paid a farthing." It must be a great satisfaction to Mr. Partington that he will enjoy the same privilege of going scot-free for his share of the "do" in June last since the judge, Mr. Foulkes Roberts, ruled in the case of Mr. Shuttleworth that the plaintiff could not recover against him, there being no evidence of a commission given by him to Mr. Haworth to order the dinner.

It was stated in court that this is not the first "feed" which the members of the Tyldesley Board have enjoyed together—at their own expense. The plaintiff, Mr. Haworth, while admitting heartily that the entertainment at the Swan, at Astley, was a jolly good do, referred regretfully to even jollier predecessors. One in especial he mentioned with fondness, which took place at his own house, the "Boar's Head," where the company paid £10 a piece for the "shot." We do not venture to estimate what the peas cost per peck upon that never-to-be-forgotten occasion, and the velocity with which the champagne flew round is probably beyond calculation. But this, at least, is to be said for those who dined so heartily, that each paid his shot like a man, and there is not a record of one who "slattered."

In the *Leigh Chronicle* we read that at the next meeting of the local board following this *exposé* in the county court, a discussion took place on the subject of "the famous dinner." Mr. Caleb Wright, a veteran Liberal and economist—who was absent from the festivity, though the joviality and good humour of his family appear to have been adequately represented—was concerned for the honour of the board, and put some pertinent questions. Having ascertained that the board was not in any way compromised, he appears to have given way to his natural love of fun, and the following colloquy is reported to have ensued.—*Vide Leigh Chronicle*.

Mr. Wright: The judge said it was discreditable to the local board, and he must have thought the funds were going for the purpose of this dinner.

Mr. Jervis: I thought he referred to the cost of the dinner, because he had the bill, and there were eighteen bottles of champagne; and I dare say it was not creditable for the board to consume such a quantity on the premises, let alone off.

Mr. Haworth said he was sorry the matter went before the court, but two of the gentlemen who objected to pay were two who derived the greatest convenience from the conveyances. A more comfortable meeting I never was at—(laughter)—but I should not like to say I filled my belly with champagne and never paid for it.

Mr. Wright said he was quite satisfied that nothing improper had been charged to the board for the inspection; and the explanation given would disabuse the minds of the public of any error.

Mr. Partington: The champagne went round, and it was like a bull-bait in a show more than anything else.

Mr. C. E. Wright: You were doing your share of it. (Laughter.)

Mr. Wright: You don't mean to say Mr. Partington had any champagne! (Laughter.)

Mr. Haworth: Why, he licks his lips now. (Renewed laughter.)

This concluded the business, and the board separated in some disorder. So let the curtain drop.

OLD ENGLISH BALLADS.—No. VII.

ONCE happened to make a philosophic remark, which has since become famous. It was this: "History repeats itself." That remark I now again take occasion to make, and for this reason, that from actual experience I have tested its truth. In other words, my investigations amongst the old manuscripts now in course of publication have shown me that the history of their author in all important points was the precise antetype of my own. He was a genius—so am I. He was ill-treated by a hollow world—so am I. He did not believe in that world—neither do I. In fact, the points of contact between us are more numerous than the points of divergence; the only dissimilarity I have discovered so far is that he does not appear to have had any editor—the world had not advanced so far in wickedness then as to tolerate such people—while a cruel fate has placed me under the thumb of a rapacious ogre who occupies that position; to put it briefly, I am just as miserable as he was—*plus* the editor. This, however, is by the way—which way I don't quite know. By another way I have selected from the MSS. the following verses, which seem to express very clearly his sentiments, as I am sure they do mine, which to me is the most important matter. As far as I understand, they refer to a certain Bishop of Manchester, who once lived, and—well, I suppose, died.

A noble soul, a guiding star,
Which men might follow through the gloom,
And so escape the threatening doom
That rushed upon them from afar.

The hero-priest had passed away;
A hero-Bishop still might hope
With sin and death and Hell to cope,
To lead the blind from night to day.

A foe to cant, no friend to creeds,
Except the creed proclaimed to be
The birthright both of bond and free
That filled the sum of human needs.

An age that laughed and wagged its head,
And sneered at all heroic things,
And chose its mountebanks for kings,
And trampled on the holy dead.

An age whose faith and truth were lost,
In swift mud-deluge swept along,
Which held the scales to right and wrong,
And calculated what they cost.

No easy task in such an age
To make unruly spirits heed,
When each one thought himself could lead,
And write a name on history's page.

A war of sects, a crowd untold
Of incoherent systems, each
Asserting it could stop the breach,
And God's mysterious ways unfold.

For common truths were nigh forgot,
And common sense was common-place;
Men read no more in nature's face,
But vainly looked for what was not.

Yet still a hero might essay
To show the everlasting law,
To bring to light the fatal flaw,
To change the darkness into day.

To show that cotton-spinning still
Left something more to be desired,
That perhaps the human race required
A nobler exercise of will.

A hero he, who nobly strove
To bring a wandering people back,
To tread the long forgotten path
From out the poisoned upas grove.

No school-man he with sageness crowned,
Nor yet with genius shining high
Like meteor in the midnight sky,
Nor yet for bookish lore renowned.

But with a vision bright and clear
That everywhere saw God on earth,
A manful love of truth and worth,
A soul that felt no craven fear.

While faction like an angry sea
Surged on Eternity's dark shore,
A voice announced above the roar
The Fact that was, and was to be.

While others fought for forms and signs,
He saw their essence long had fled;
Such simulacra, cold and dead,
He left as toys for weak divines.

A man of true heroic worth,
A soul that bravely worked and fought,
Throughout a life-long labour sought
To give the age a second birth.

THE BEST CHRISTMAS WAITS.—Whaite's, in Bridge Street.

LAIRITZ'S FIR WOOL OIL.—The MARCHIONESS of WESTMINSTER bears testimony to the great efficacy of Lairitz's Fir Wool Oil. For the cure of Rheumatism, Tic, Neuralgia, etc. Sold by L. BEAVER, 87, Cross Street, Manchester, and all chemists, in bottles from 1s. 1½d. upwards.



AMUSEMENTS.

PRINCE'S.—TO NIGHT, AT SEVEN,

will be presented a grand Oriental Fairy Pantomime and Spectacle, entitled

S I N D B A D,

Arranged and produced under the personal direction of

H. B. FARNIE.

The costumes specially designed for this production by the most eminent Parisian Artistes—the grotesque dresses by DRANER, the celebrated caricaturist; the grand ballets and fanciful costumes by MARRE, designer to the Grand Opera of Paris. The execution of the costumes has been entrusted to the great French house of DELPHINE BARON ET CIE (costumiers to the Opera Comique, Porte St. Martin, &c.), to AUGUSTE & CO., and Miss FISHER, of London, and Miss BAKER and assistants. The Armour, Jewels, &c., by GRANGER, of Paris, and KENNEDY, of Birmingham. The new and elaborate Scenery by Mr. F. HAWLEY and assistants. The novel and startling Mechanical Effects by Mr. John BYRNES and assistants. The rich and varied Accessories by Mr. T. ROBINSON and assistants. The dissolving and chromotropic light effects by the eminent Manchester optician, Mr. J. B. DANCER; the slides from the studio of the celebrated artist, Chevalier LAFOSSE. Gas engineer, Mr. John WHATMOUGH. The arrangement of the Divertissements, under the direction of Miss E. TOMS, and (of the juvenile ballet) of Miss GILBERT. The vocal and instrumental music, selected from the most recent works of Herve, Lecocq, Strauss, O. Harvi, Debillemont, as well as the current English repertoire, by Mr. F. STANISLAUS, who has also written original music for the two grand ballets, and a ballet for Miss Corri, especially for this production: also the transformation music. By the courtesy of Messrs. Cramer and Co., Regent-street, London, selections from the latest operas bouffe by Offenbach VOYAGE DANS LA LUNE, LA CREOLE, and LA BOULANGERE, will be presented during the evening, thus affording the Manchester public the first acquaintance with these popular scores.

Characters by Mesdames FANCHITA, ALICE COOK, MARIE WILLIAMS, M. LUCETTE, JULIA BULLEN, E. TOMS, NELLIE KENNEDY, and KATHLEEN CORRI, &c.; Messrs. J. ROUSE, A. BRENNIR, G. SHELTON, J. CANFIELD, H. BOOKER, W. LANGLEY, J. W. LAWRENCE, GEORGE LEWIS, and J. H. RYLEY, &c.

SCENERY AND INCIDENTS.

Scene I.—Subterranean Hall of the Furies. Rending Walls of Pandemonium.

Scene II.—The Orange Market.

Scene III.—The Excursion Wharf of Bassorah. Scene IV.—Main Deck of the Ship. Ballet Divertissement—The Pirate's Revel. Premieres Dansense: MADDLE, MARIE VALAIN, (of the Grand Operas of Vienna and Berlin), and MADDLE. PIA SCOTTI, (of the Grand Operas of Milan, Brussels, &c.)

Scene V.—The Enchanted Valley of the Roc. Scene VI.—Hall of One Thousand Steps.

Scene VII.—The Matrimonial Market. Grotesque Cotillon by THE BOUNDERS OF THE BOSPHORUS.

Scene IX.—The Palace of Sweet Waters. Grand Ballet—The Revolt of the Harem.

Scene X.—The Hall of a Thousand Steps. Scene XI.—The Gardens of the Seraglio.

Scene XII.—The Fairies' Fan.

THE GRAND TRANSFORMATION, entitled THE DREAM OF THE SPHINX.

First Tableau: Last Days of Memnon and the Sphinx. The last chant of the Priests of Memnon.

Second Tableau: The Wrecked Caravan of the Desert. The Vulture's Feast.

Third tableau: The path to India. The barque of commerce crosses the desert sands and fraught with the Good Spirits of Enterprise, Justice, and Civilisation, is welcomed by THE GENIUS OF INDIA, and her attendant nymphs from the Red Sea to the VALE OF CASHMERE.

Clown.....MR. GEORGE (Jolly Little) LEWIS.
Harlequin.....MR. WILL LANGLEY.
Pantaloon.....MR. J. W. LAWRENCE.
Columbine.....MISS L. MANLOND.

AN INTERVAL OF FIVE MINUTES.

Scene I.—Confiding Street. During this scene a selection will be played from Offenbach's new opera bouffe, "La Creole."

Scene II.—Our Village in Summer. Introduction to the model rustics of MAJOR BURK, the Champion American Drillist, who will show conclusively, by the rapidity of his performance, that it is quite possible for one soldier to "surround" the enemy. Followed by

G. LEVANTINE, the American Wonder. In this scene, the music will be from Offenbach's recent Opera Bouffe, "La Boulangerie."

Scene III.—Our Village in Winter. Appearance of the graceful and daring Russian Skaters, Messrs. French and Harris, and Maddle Rose. Followed by an entirely original Polar Divertissement, entitled

THE SNOWFLAKE BALLETT.

The four Robin Red Breasts, by Misses Wood, Norton, Marshall, and Carroll. The Falling Snowstorm. The Scared Robins. And the flight of the villagers by lantern light.

Circle and Stalls, 6s. Box Office open from 11 to 3.

PRINCE'S.—MORNING PERFORMANCE, SATURDAY NEXT;
TUESDAY, 29th.; WEDNESDAY, 27th.; THURSDAY, 28th.; SATURDAY, 30th.

ONE HALFPENNY WEEKLY.—"JOSHA'S HAWP'NY JOURNAL."
A Weekly Magazine. A new and original Lancashire story, entitled "FAMILY LINKS," by Cheawhenter, author of "Betterday next; or, Josha, thean't fuddlet agin;," "Sunday mornin'"; and other Lancashire pieces. May be had of G. Renshaw, Bellhouse Street, all newsgents and street boys. Published by John Heywood, Deansgate, Manchester

"Gloria," 8 for 2s 6d. Best Havanna Cigars—really choice. Smokers' Requisites of every

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT the Rev. Mr. Gill is suffering from some Manxity as to what he shall say at the next Manx reunion.

That like the Manx coins, if anybody played pitch-and-toss with the reverend gentleman in Moss Side, he would be sure to fall on his legs.

That he has been trying the same experiment with an old Manx tomcat.

That the police have been keeping a watch on the Prince's Theatre, as they heard somebody remark that the heroine of the pantomime is a base Koh-i-noor.

That when Mr. Ryley remarks in the pantomime, "I see a sight: I see Superintendent H. and fifty policemen," he ought to follow it up by apologies for everybody's H-Gee-tation.

That it would just be as well if a short interval was allowed about the middle of the pantomime, so that people might get a drink. This might be called the drop-scene.

That the McKerrow Jubilee, in one sense, was an awfully dry affair, though more than one good Scotchman, including the doctor, had a drop in their e'e on remembering past memories.

That that, perhaps, accounts for an excited young Scotchman, who had been at the Jubilee, afterwards wanting to dance the 'ee-land fling.

That the skates are to take part in the Arctic Expedition exhibition at the Aquarium.

That the tailors are preparing to resort to other measures, unless their bills are paid.

A CHRISTMAS CRAMMER.

THE Town Clerk sends a contribution in the shape of a story. It appears that he and one of his next-door neighbours, in Broughton Park, have been on the best of terms, except as to the crowing of the neighbour's huge Cochon China cock, which has long been a nuisance to the neighbourhood. The offender, somehow, has mysteriously disappeared within the last two or three days. Simultaneously, the Town Clerk has issued invitations to a number of the aldermen and city councillors to dine with him on Christmas day, and "Oh!" exclaims Sir Joseph, in his letter to us, "haven't I provided a treat for them!"

CHRISTMAS-BOXES.

A LETTER from your mother-in-law, announcing that she intends to spend Christmas with you.

The bill for the rent, and an intimation from the landlord that he intends to increase your rent.

Another baby.

A monthly nurse, with a weakness for gin.

The falling due of that scrap of paper you endorsed for your friend Jones, with the announcement that Jones has disappeared.

The advent of your wife's sister with three romping children, who you are perfectly certain will spoil or destroy everything in the house in twenty-four hours.

An armful of blue bits of paper containing innumerable items for trousers, coats, suits, hats, collars, ties, boots, slippers, cigars, wine, beer, trinkets, books, which you had entirely forgotten.

Your wife's announcement that she has "nothing fit to go out in."

The consequent bills.

An invitation to that tiresome annual party at Brown's.

A notice from the bank that your account is overdrawn.

A wet morning, and the comfortable reflection that Robinson borrowed your only useful umbrella on the previous night, that your macintosh is at the office, and that you haven't a pair of boots which don't leak.

The sounds of merriment from the party in the next house, at which you have previously been an honoured guest, but from which you are excluded this year owing to a little tiff about the fowls.

Your wife's discovery, in your overcoat pocket, of the invite to Smith's to "whist and Napoleon" on the evening on which you had declined to take her and your mother-in-law to the pantomime, in consequence of an important investigation of accounts at the office.

Your own discovery that you will have to spend Christmas day at the office, and the subsequent receipt of several invitations to pleasant gatherings which you cannot attend on that day.

A visit from the doctor, and the cheerful information that "young hopeful" has caught the measles, and baby the whooping-cough, and that little Sisay shows signs of scarletina.

A refusal to supply you by your wine merchant with your Christmas liquors until you have paid your overdue account.

The announcement of Sarah Jane that there is not a drop more beer in the barrel on Christmas eve.

MORAL SONG.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

BEHOLD, my child, this ass—or moke,
Which is a vulgar word;
I would not even be in joke
A vulgar term be heard.

Behold, I say, this grazing ass,
Nor scorn his humble ways;
How would you like in eating grass
To spend the summer days?

You would! My child, this heedless ass
Has got no proper pride,
And thus it is it comes to pass
With herbs he's satisfied.

Your sense of rectitude is dim,
Your mind to folly leans;
How would you like to be like him,
And draw a cart with greens?

You would! The other day you said
You'd like to be a hog;
Perhaps you'll take it in your head
To like to be a dog?

You would! My son, in this you err,
Your mother must exert
Persuasion—I will speak to her—
She'll whip you, which will hurt.

That donkey's master has a plan
To make him travel quick;
How would you like to have a man
To whop you with a stick?

You would! Then you shall have your wish;
I would not seem unkind,
But moral lessons must be—*Swish!*
I thought you'd change your mind.

You do! Of course, you do, and weep—
Experience is rare;
You've got a little of it cheap—
In future, now, beware.

PARLOUR STATE OF THE CHURCH.

THE Church of England, as represented in Manchester, must be in a parlous state if we are to attach much importance to the letters of wild curates and rectors, who ought to know better, now tearing the subject of the impending Manchester mission to pieces in the columns of a venerable contemporary. Take, for example, the Rev. T. L. Beddoes, rector of St. Mary's, who, in Tuesday's *Courier*, gravely describes the Dean of Manchester as "honest, honourable, kindly, and fair," but nevertheless as "a foe," and in the next sentence as "an enemy." Proceeding to the next letter, which is from the Rev. T. W. M. Lund, who dates from "St. John's, Cheetham," and so presumably is a Ritualist (alas! as Mr. Beddoes is accustomed to apostrophise after the mention of such a being)—we find that his opening sentence respecting a clerical opponent is—virtually one of excommunication—*Anathema Maranatha*—"The Rev. Charles Marshall's position in the Church of England is plainly untenable upon his own showing. The only course for him to pursue, with due self-respect, is to secede." The Rev. J. R. West, we are glad to find, writes in the same paper a sober and temperate letter, in which he calls upon hot-headed partisans on either side to cease reviling each other, and attack the common enemy. If, as Mr. Beddoes says, his parish is a veritable Sodom, he is right in concluding that it is time, setting aside contentions about millinery, and "displaying of banners," and "praising on organs, and in the dance (processional)," to seek to grapple with the Devil himself. And so we wish the Mission all success.

description, at 66, Market Street, and 32, Victoria Street.—T. R. WITHECOMB, Proprietor.

THE INFIRMARY AGAIN.

ONE would have thought that a decision, adverse to the party of movement from Piccadilly, given in October last year, and December this year, would have been accepted by those in favour of that revolutionary step as a fair indication of the Conservative leaning of Manchester men towards a certain notable building and noble square—the only beautiful site in the city. A party of ardent spirits, however, do not seem to take kindly to defeat, and headed by our respected Bishop, who is always ready to jump into hot water, and patronised by the twice-defeated Mr. Birley, there is a movement on foot to obtain a vote in favour of the scheme of the Infirmary board by some new means. Their present hope is in a poll—why we do not happen to know, except, perhaps, that in their excitement the defeated party have chosen the means most likely to increase the majority against them. These men cannot calculate the chances who overlook the country subscribers, who would, in case of a poll, come in to a man, and vote for retaining the Infirmary between the two leading railway stations, the proximity to which makes the institution valuable to them. It is vain, however, to mention calculations in connection with a party, who say the poor of Manchester live nearer Rusholme than Piccadilly; or who retain their golden dreams of half a million, to be had for the sale of the little bit of land they would have to dispose of were they allowed to remove.

To keep this revolutionary party in check, we learn that Mr. Alderman King has called around him a few of those who, valuing the institutions of their forefathers, are resolved to protect and cherish what is venerable and good in our ancient hospital. We hope Mr. Alderman King is prepared to fight, for he will have the medical staff down on him immediately. They will be telling him and his committee they don't understand the matter on hand. Truly enough he cannot understand why almost the same staff, which reported the building to be a pest-house in 1875, only two years before that reported it to be satisfactory in every way, and in their reports for 1869 and 1870 found it to be one of the best hospitals the country could boast of. The Jackdaw is convinced that Alderman King never can comprehend that. He may be thought dull if he cannot see the evidence of bad construction, and consequent frequency of erysipelas in the wards, because he would prefer a tabulated list of the results of all the operations for the last five and twenty years, by which to form a judgment, rather than rely on a mere question put by Sir Benjamin Brodie a quarter of a century ago, "Is there not a great deal of erysipelas in these wards?" The Jackdaw remembers no piece of evidence so conclusive as this question of Sir Benjamin Brodie, except the memorable evidence against Mr. Pickwick—"chops and tomato sauce, gentlemen."

We cannot tell how it is—whether there is anything in the training of doctors or in their more frequently having to do with women and children than with men, but somehow they don't show much knowledge of affairs. They don't know how to manage a town council for instance. The board and the staff thought they could cozen the Council into buying their land, and in that they made a slight mistake. They forgot that unless they could obtain an almost unanimous vote of the trustees in favour of removal, the Charity Commissioners would not listen for a moment to their petition if opposed by the Corporation of Manchester. Let them try on new lines—approach the Council respectfully, try to work together, and see if that is not the best way. If new wards are wanted, the money can be had from the wealthy men in Manchester, of whom there are a few left yet, and they would be more likely to give handsomely, if they found the Council heading the list, or even expressing confidence in the new movement. We are convinced that such a course would succeed in obtaining all that reasonable men would ask, and we do not know if the idea of an hospital of one hundred beds on the south side of the town, near Owens College, might not be realised, instead of extension on the Piccadilly site. Of one thing we are sure, that a body of trustees divided among

themselves cannot force the ratepayers of Manchester to do anything against their will. By consulting the wishes of those ratepayers they may do much.

An hospital of one hundred beds, we fancy—don't think we mean to say we know—would be ample for the requirements of Owens College. The establishment of such an hospital might lead to a wholesome rivalry between the central and the college hospital, with good results to both. There is one difficulty the sixteen members of the staff might have to admit. There might be two sixteens found in a small place like Manchester capable of ministering to the sick poor. That admission might be a temporary inconvenience to gentlemen who have talked of themselves as if they had all the talents in the town.

THE MISTLETOE.

THE times were bad, and threatened snow,
A thrush came to the mistletoe—
A hungry missel-thrush, who spied
The plant upon a branch's side.
The plant was but a lodger there;
It grew upon an oak-tree fair,
A bachelor among the plants,
And birds its only visitants.
Like yellow pearls its berries grew,
Exposed most temptingly to view;
The bird was hungry, as I've said,
The sky was wintry overhead;
"Pray leave me," said the mistletoe—
"Twill soon be Christmas time, you know—
A bunch of berries here and there,
Then peg away, I do not care."
"Why so?" replied the bird, "have you
With Christmas anything to do?
I thought 'twas only made for men."
The plant: "You were mistaken then;
For know when Nature fashioned me
A lonely bachelor to be,
Nor share the gifts of Mother Earth,
This boon she gave me from my birth—
That once a year an emblem I
Should be of mirth and jollity,
Look down on joys I cannot share,
And find short consolation there;
And, well that I might play my part,
She gave to me a tender heart;
The loves of youth and maiden give
To me encouragement to live,
Or else I'd perished long ago
A lonely loveless mistletoe;
I could not figure there unless
I had some ornament of dress."
The bird reflects those berries' eyes,
Away good-naturedly he flies;
Says he, "I hope you may be jolly,
I'll go and finish with the holly."

THE MANX GATHERING.

A "MANXMAN," in the *Examiner*, referring to the forthcoming Manx annual gathering, suggests that instead of having as many speeches as were made last year, the evening should be enlivened with songs and glees. He says Manxmen do not attend the gathering to hear long speeches, but to converse with one another and renew old acquaintances. We heartily join with him in the suggestion. Nothing could possibly be more dreary than a long speech from the Rev. Mr. Gill, who is generally the president of the gathering; but, on the other hand, we don't think anything on earth could be more exquisitely funny than to hear the reverend gentleman sing the famous old song of his native place, "A Manx a Man for a' that." Mr. J. W. Maclure, seeing he is also a Manxman, might be called upon to make a brief reply on behalf of the clergy of Sodor and Man, on condition that he promises not to repeat his old joke of drinking it in Sodor and brandy. To make the gathering still more simple, and to enable Manxmen to renew their old acquaintances, might we suggest the desirability that at the gathering the only dish on the table should be—Manx bloaters?

A LOVE LAY.

[BY OUR OWN TROUBADOUR.]

THE proudest man that ever was seen
 Was Augustus Mortimer Eustace Green;
 You may talk of your ancient barons grim,
 But in point of pride they were nothing to him.
 He wasn't excessively large to view,
 His legs were weak (between me and you),
 But nothing could ever exceed the high,
 Contemptuous glance of his haughty eye.
 He loved and adored in a frantic way
 Alicia Maud de Fontenay,
 A lady whose pride was even higher
 Than that of her aristocratic squire.
 And after a while a marriage was planned
 (An alliance 'tis called 'twixt folks so grand),
 And Augustus Mortimer Eustace Green
 Was the happiest man that ever was seen.
 But, alas! in the sunniest summer hour
 The clearest heavens will often lower,
 And this is the way it chanced to be
 With Alicia de F. and Augustus G.
 For when the day was approaching near
 When the high-bred lover should claim his dear,
 A horrible rumour filled the air,
 And came to the ears of the lady fair.
 It seems that somebody once had seen
 Augustus Mortimer Eustace Green
 With an apron on, in a barber's shop,
 Giving a gent a twopenny "crop."
 So the lady summoned her hapless swain,
 And said, in tragical tones, "Explain!"
 Whatever the terms of the explanation,
 It led to an instant separation.
 A sorrowful wight was then, I wean,
 The blighted Augustus M. E. Green;
 He wandered about from town to town,
 Languishing under the name of Brown.
 He had not roamed for a year and a day
 Before he met with a traveller gay,
 Who beguiled the time as they journeyed on
 With many a jest and many a song.
 And every city they chanced to see
 He knew it as well as well could be,
 And many a tale he had to tell
 Of things that formerly there befell.
 And coming at last to a far countree,
 They arrived at a city fair to see
 (Gentle reader! excuse the rhyme,
 I'll try to avoid it another time).
 They came, I say, to a city fair;
 That knowing traveller said, "'Tis there
 That a man enormously rich has grown
 By hawking herrings about the town.
 "He's left it now for a foreign land,
 Where he spends his money and does the grand;
 He's altered his name (I hear folks say)
 To Henri Gustave de Fontenay."
 When the quondam Green had recovered his breath,
 He hurried away for life and death—
 O'er hill and dale he hurried away
 To Alicia Maud de Fontenay.
 He found her at length in the giddy throng
 Charming the folks with melodious song,
 Playing the grand piano forte
 He found that lady so proud and haughty.
 And as, with a soaring, final squall,
 She prepared to startle the ears of all,
 A clear and silvery whisper smote hers,
 Saying distinctly, "Buy any bloaters!"
 Alicia Maud de Fontenay
 Gave one loud scream and fainted away,
 But nobody knew there was anything wrong.
 For every one thought it was part of the song.
 Augustus called the very next day
 On Mademoiselle de Fontenay;
 Said she, "My dearest Augustus Green!
 Where in the world have you ever been?"
 In a month they were married with jubilation,
 And since, as topics of conversation
 (Except in the case of a conjugal feud),
 Bloaters and wigs are both tabooed.

PRINCE'S THEATRE: "SINDBAD."

A NEW generation of youngsters has arisen, who have never seen a pantomime in the sense in which we oldsters know the word. These will come fresh to see the wonders of "Sindbad," and are sure to be very much delighted. Old people and young nowadays would be above listening to the things which were found so delightful in the days of twopenny postmen and cheap meat. We who write our column about the pantomimes every year cannot help lingering regretfully over this theme. The *laudator temporis acti*, of whom old Horace speaks so contemptuously, is never so much in his element as when he happens by hard fate to be a dramatic critic. Well, well, we must put up with what we can get, and scribble our yearly column all the same, though nursery tunes and legends have given way to slang ditties and catching choruses, and fairies and giants are superseded by pages and pirates. It must be owned, however, that "Sindbad" is a more amusing pantomime than any which has been seen at the Prince's of late years. There is nothing in the story, which indeed has borrowed little from the Arabian Nights entertainments except its name. Mr. Farnie, the nominal author, contributes nothing to the work except a well-managed succession of situations. Of Mr. Farnie as a librettist we have a very poor opinion, but his experience in the construction of extravaganza and burlesque stands him in better stead than any mere literary ability, and his services here have been eminently successful. The plot of the piece turns on the amorous adventures of Sindbad and Koh-i-noor, who are wrecked on a voyage in the good ship Sultan of Mocha, and are captured by pirates. This, of course, is altogether away from the lines of pantomime proper, and the introduction of the fairies is a somewhat incongruous feat; but fairies there must be, or else there would be no transformation scene, and so, of course, the fairies arrive, and everything ends happily with a very beautiful scene indeed, called the "Fairies' Fan," which opens up into some really artistic and grand pictures of Eastern scenery than which we have seen nothing better on any stage, and so on to the "realms of bliss." Then comes the harlequinade, which is unusually funny, and the children are rewarded for their patient waiting by seeing many policemen knocked about in the orthodox fashion, and much old-fashioned and harmless fun. The "opening extravaganza" this year is judiciously short, and the action is quick, so that one falling which is common in modern pantomime is avoided. The company of actual pantomimists is unusually strong. Mr. John Rouse is a host in himself, and is in his proper element of rollicking fun, humour, and comic singing. Mr. Rouse has been at it too long now to be able to assume the modern simper and strut, which pass muster for humour, and his presence on the stage, therefore, is essentially jovial and acceptable. Messrs. J. Canfield and H. Booker go through some clever scenes of gymnastics, dancing, and rough play, in some of which they are aided by Jolly Little Lewis, who is as active and funny as ever; and Messrs. Langley and Lawrence, the harlequin and pantaloon. The fun of a personal and physical character, which is liberally sprinkled throughout the whole piece, is indeed of unusual excellence. The principal characters in the extravaganza, though slight, are well sustained. Mdlle. Fanchita is pleasing as Sindbad, and is fitted with a very pretty castanette song and chorus. Miss Kathleen Corri has one or two songs allotted to her to which she does justice, but her style of acting, however graceful, is too quaint and subdued for pantomime. The same may be said of Miss Alice Cook. Messrs. Brenner and Ryder both aid the success of the piece, the one by his voice and the other by painstaking comicities. Miss Nellie Kennedy, a *debutante* as far as Manchester is concerned, as Fiz, or Buttons, an errand-boy, shows thorough pantomime spirit, and keeps everything alive when she is on the stage. Small as this lady's part is, she deserves mention as much as any of the company engaged. The glory of this pantomime, however, will be acknowledged by everybody to be in the scenery and effects. Space does not remain to us to particularise, but we cannot pass without comment the beauty and exquisite

WORMALD'S Celebrated Gout & Rheumatic Mixture.—For rheumatism and rheumatic gout, sciatica, neuralgia, tic douloureux, pains in the face and head, gives quick relief in the most violent cases, and speedily effects a cure. In bottles, 15d. and 2s. 6d., from most chemists, or from the Proprietor, Shudehill.

taste of two or three of the scenes, and the general artistic excellence of this department. Before dismissing "Sindbad" as the brightest and liveliest stage spectacle which has been presented to us for a long time, we must say a word in allusion to the music, which is fresh and charming throughout. Nor must Major Burk, and Levantine who postures so wonderfully after the old circus fashion on decanters, be forgotten. Also we should mention the Russian Skaters, and a beautifully-arranged scene called the "Snowflake Ballet," which alone is a scenic marvel worth attending the theatre to see. If in this comparatively long notice we have not done full justice to "Sindbad," it is because the pantomime is unusually rich in varied and distinctive features, a fact which, while it renders description a tedious work, is on the other hand eminently hostile to weariness on the part of the audience. As a fact, we have of late seen no pantomime with less tendency to drag than "Sindbad."

ANNIE.

O! should a fellow walk abroad,
And chance to meet with Annie,
He's sure to linger on the road—
He cannot help it, can he?
'Tis otherwise, if he's a saint,
But as a rule young fellows ain't;
And being but a mortal man, he
Will stay and stroll awhile with Annie.

And, strolling with that dainty miss,
Should he her fair face scan, he
Will certainly demand a kiss
From pretty, smiling Annie.
He'd call a kiss a deadly dose, if
He had the modesty of Joseph;
But that's a tale to tell your granny—
Sure Joseph never met with Annie.

THE CHILDREN AT WHAITE'S.

[BY AN OLD FOGIE.]

TO those whose weakness it is to be fond of children, a stroll into Whaite's bazaar, in Bridge Street, on any afternoon just now will afford considerable amusement. I say weakness, though I own to the impeachment myself, and often try to reason myself out of it. Children, I argue, are stupid, dirty, for the most part ugly, illtempered, greedy. They will do or say anything almost to get hold of a nasty sticky lump of something to suck; they are the greatest hypocrites in the world; they will run after any one who gives them sweets and playthings, and I verily believe they would prefer a sweep to an angel if there were any sugar-candy in prospect by the preference. It is by fancying all these years that I am fond of children, that I have found out all this. I know lots of children who make themselves regularly ill at my expense, and have, I believe, no more fondness for me personally than they have for the doctor who furnishes the black-draught. Very likely my motives are not half so good as the doctor's, and at times I question myself about them—but as I was saying, for any one who is fond of children, Whaite's bazaar, in Bridge Street, affords a pleasant stroll. When you enter the place, you become immediately aware of sounds which are a combination of prattle, hum, and buzz. The children there are, I must say, seen at their best, being too much amused to be illtempered, too busy to be greedy, being also washed for the occasion, and having for the most part females to look after them. I must say that I like to see children enjoying themselves, for they are the incarnation of selfishness, and selfishness is in my eyes the most amiable of virtues. I like to see everybody pleased and in a good humour, and as children are selfish, and can always, without any great labour, be kept in a state of enjoyment, I suppose that is why I am fond of children. I like to see them toddling about among those wonderful mechanical toys with wide bright eyes, and I listen to their remarks and exclamations with pleasure. I am quite sure that most children would prefer Whaite's to any pantomime. They can understand so well

what they see there, and they have the chance of fingering things, and knocking them down and breaking them. They are delighted, and their treble chat pervades the whole room, mingling with the whirring of wire springs, and the notes of mechanical instruments. Some of the older ones affect to know that that bird in the cage, which sings and wags his tail, is an imitation one, worked by some cunning device. Upon my soul, I should hardly have known it if I had not been told. Others regard the monkey, which blows the horn, with intervals of stopping to grin, and there is a clamour to know if he is a "proper monkey." Of course he is! Mr. Whaite shows nothing improper in his establishment, whatever may be said of the pantomimes. The chorus of delight round the little lady playing on the piano, with the old gentleman beating time, and the child dancing, is good to hear; and the squirrel, which does everything which a live squirrel can do except bite, is a wonder. The little man that walks across the floor does not go very fast, and shuffles his feet rather, but as he is too small to be regarded as a "proper man" the performance is all the more interesting. Then there is the great Christmas tree, gorgeously lighted up, and the representation of Arctic travel under the branches, and a "proper ship" beleaguered by icebergs, on which are perched white bears—or are they mice? for there is a vehement dispute on this point. All these things there are, and many more too numerous to mention; and the children must regard the name of Whaite with awe. Not so, however, the parents and guardians, when the time for levying black-mail comes—I mean by the children, for Mr. Whaite takes none. The great superiority to the pantomime in the children's minds is that they always carry something away with them, and then there are such shiploads of toys of all possible sorts to choose from, and some of them innocently choose as the most desirable thing the cheapest toy in the whole shop—which, I believe, costs a penny—to the secret joy of their guardians, and others somehow happen to plunge upon the dearest, and very likely the ugliest thing in the whole collection. Then those parents and guardians pay the money, a ceremony which does not interest the youngsters, and those children go away to the omnibuses and cabs, and vow that Whaite's is the nicest place they know. It is a good thing, at all events, in this dull, dingy town, to hap upon a reminder that Christmas is upon us.

CHRISTMAS AT THE AQUARIUM.

THE managers of the Manchester Aquarium have secured as a special Christmas attraction a number of interesting specimens brought back from the Polar regions by the officers of the *Alert* and the *Discovery*. These include, besides actual examples of marine life in those regions—which alone would be of great interest—objects tending to illustrate the habits of the Esquimaux, and relics of former expeditions. Considering the universal interest which has been exhibited in the latest and most successful of Arctic exploration feats, the collection at the Aquarium, which will be exhibited for some time, beginning with to-day, ought to secure considerable patronage from the public. Great thanks are due to Mr. Faraday, the energetic and careful secretary, and his collaborateurs, for their efforts to render the Aquarium a pleasant and instructive resort. The tanks are all in first-class order, and the old favourites are well, and to all appearance happy. Constant additions are also being made to the collections. The Lover of Nature intends shortly to devote some more special articles to this subject.

The Didsbury and Withington Skating Rink will be opened on Tuesday next, and promises to be a most attractive place for residents in the neighbourhood and visitors.

The Sale and Ashton-on-Mersey Skating Rink is in full swing, and offers great attractions this week.

WORMALD'S COUGH SPECIFIC.—The most agreeable and effectual remedy ever introduced for the cure of coughs, colds, bronchitis, and asthma. Sold by most chemists, in bottles, 13d. and 2s. 6d. each, or may be had direct from the Proprietor, Shudehill, Manchester.

OYSTERS IN THE SANCTUM.

[BY A HYPOCHONDRIAC.]

I AM very fond of oysters, they are the only things that do not disagree with me, and therefore when the Editor told me that he had had some sent to him, I accepted his invitation with joy. It was an informal festivity, and it took place in full view of the paste-pot, scissors, waste-paper basket, and printer's devil. The youth is now engaged in gathering up the shells and licking his fingers. There were present the Editor, the Old Fogie, the Novice, Claude Henpeck, the Lover of Nature, Our Own Poet, Our Grammarian, Hal-o'-the-Wynd, your humble servant, and the oysters. It was very shabby though, as I thought, for they were not natives. Moreover, they were in a hamper, and not in a barrel, which receptacle the Lover of Nature says the oyster was born to inhabit. I could not help expressing my surprise to the Editor that a gentleman connected with the Corporation, who is commonly called the King of Manchester, and whose salary has lately been raised, should not be able to afford natives when he wishes to send a Christmas present in recognition of so many favours received. The Editor, however, showed me a note—from Sir Joseph somebody, I think it was—stating that the little present consisted of something which the writer had discovered to be unique in its excellence. These oysters, said the writer, were better than natives, and he always ate them himself, and recommended them to his friends. The letter, however, read very shabbily in the light of the following advertisement: "Oysters! oysters! oysters! The best Christmas present is a barrel or hamper of Anglo-Portugo oysters, containing fifty oysters and an oyster-knife, 6s. 6d.; one hundred oysters and an oyster-knife, 10s.; sent direct from the beds, carriage paid, to any station in the United Kingdom. Apply, with remittance, to Thomas Brightman, sen., manager of the 'Anglo-Portugo' Oyster Fisheries, Queenboro', Kent. The trade supplied." I was for sending back those animalculæ, or crustacea, or whatever they may be called, but the Lover of Nature wouldn't hear of it, as he wanted to explore the insides, so the feast began. It was a shabby feast, too. We sent for a loaf of bread, some butter, a crust-stand, and some plates and knives (which were provided by an obliging lady who keeps a restaurant nearly opposite our office), and half a gallon of stout, and we wanted to borrow an extra oyster-knife, but the printer's devil, being inexperienced and careless, brought up a carving-knife instead, with which the Novice operated on those oysters in a most alarming fashion. An Anglo-Portugo oyster is not a pleasant thing to look on, the outside being grotesque, not to say rugged, in its shape. He is, moreover, very difficult to open. It was a sight to see the Novice opening those bivalves with the carving-knife. There was no mistake about the opening, but he invariably cut those oysters in two by his vigour, and smashed them into a sort of pulp, so that they were not pleasant to look on. Also the Lover of Nature, averring that these oysters were more juicy than other oysters, and in order to preserve that juice, opened his upside down, the result being to give to those fish a very repulsive and nasty aspect. The Anglo-Portuguese oyster, he said, was furnished by nature with one shell of exceeding hollowness and depth, the object being that those oysters, being packed for convenience in hampers, should by reason of the large quantity of juice or sea-water within the shell be able to be alive and in good health for a week or more, and thus be capable of transmission by rail all over the kingdom. This may be so, but I maintain that an oyster opened the wrong way up is the nastiest thing which the eye of man ever looked upon. I managed to get a few opened on the flat shells for myself, and I must own that though I lost the juice they were very good, and had an excellent flavour. I would not say that they were as good as natives, because I hate encouraging stinginess, and I hope that after this article the next present of oysters from a Corporation official will be natives. I can only say they were good, very good, and I daresay they would have been better with the juice, as the Lover of Nature took them; but I have a tender stomach,

and the appearance of an oyster turned the wrong way is anything but appetising. While I hope, therefore, that the next present will consist of natives, I would not be accused of looking a gift oyster in the mouth; and should any other public man wish to make one of us a present, I beg to hint that a hamper of Anglo-Portuguese oysters is a cheap and acceptable, as well as a seasonable, offering.

FIRESIDE COLUMN.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC (No. 5).

The times forebode my second for my first;
Too long is Europe by his presence curst,
What though they tell us that our interest lies
In saving him! Away, such specious lies!

I.
Among the vales
Of pleasant Wales
You'll find my name
By common fame.

II.
Strong and fair—
A noble pair—
From brave the pure
Are aye secure.

III.
The pleasures of the rattling chaise
Are gone in these improving days.

IV.
A thing that Welshmen toothsome vote,
A local Liberal of note;
Take the sound, and find the word—
Spelling dogmas are absurd.

ADDITIONAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Raids are now more frequent truly
Than they whilom used to be;
And a precious clever crew lie
In our law's tempestuous sea.
Those who're buried in this rhyme
Got a stopper, and 'twas time.
On their manners—rather clever—
Not to prosper though—for ever.

All their fame,
If such a name
You direct to
This crafty crew,
Shall pass away
Like snow beneath Apollo's ray.
And ne'er again
In England reign
Victorious.
Inglorious
They'll ever be
To all who see
Their trickery, I fancy you'll agree.

I.
Honesty is better than
Such a thing in any man.

II.
Oh, pity thee, if seized thou art
With this complaint in any part.

III.
I've heard of men who're ever tied
To things that dangle by its side.

IV.
Pertains to a classical isle
Whose beauties ne'er fail to beguile.

V.
A quadruped, 'tis one of which I've heard mention,
Though we're friends, I couldn't make known for a pension.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the City Jackdaw, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us. C. W.—It is your fault for writing on ridiculous topics; it should have read—"The respectable kingdom belongs to man as well as the brutes." Christmas Recreations, A. H.—Write to the managers of an idiot or imbecile asylum. Facts for the Season.—You are an ass; there is reasonable information for you.

Armstrong & Brother, Opticians to the Royal Eye Hospital, 88 & 90, Deansgate, Manchester.

TYROLEAN MUSICAL BOX, 2s. Eight tunes, post-free, 27 stamps; size, 7½ by 3½ inches. The eight tunes may be selected from the following—Hold the fort; Sun of my soul; Thy will be done; Safe in the arms of Jesus; Ring the bell, watchman; Last rose of summer; Meet me in the lane, love; Watching for ye; Madame Angot; Danube waltz; Legend Madame Angot; Irish jig; Monstrous man; Tommy; make room for your uncle; Oh my, be for shame; Perhaps she's on the railway; Run 'em in; Hoop la. Agents will find this marvellous Centennial novelty sell well, and afford delighted customers unbounded satisfaction. A sample instrument, free by parcel-post, 27 stamps. M. HOLT, 2, Bude Place, Tower Road, Aston, Birmingham.

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(Intemperance) is curable. Read the following:—Col. Mc.—states: "He cured his sister, unknown to herself, and found the remedy far more efficacious than signing the pledge or attending temperance lectures." "A Wise Woman."—This lady was recommended to try the effects of the remedy on her husband, by a friend, whose husband was so intoxicated at the time he had to attend his duty that he would surely have been dismissed had he not taken the precaution to have a packet on hand; he was sobered in five minutes. This wise lady tried the effects unknown on her husband, and saved him his appointment. Capt. B.—B.—writes: "His wife was addicted to drink for years, and for weeks incapable of attending her household duties. Has now abstained for six months. I consider her cured by following the instructions sent with Dr. HEYMAN'S REMEDY."—Packets, 4s. 6d.—Beesland House, Torre, Torquay.

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